Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards vnhappy ſonnes do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Queene Anne, his wife.

Richard, Thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet ſoule, ſleepe thou a quiet ſleepe,
Dreame of ſucceſſe, and happy victory,
Thy aduerſaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghoſt of Buckingham.

The firſt was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The laſt was I that felt thy tyranny,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſſe:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire, diſpairing yeild thy breath.
To *Rich.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be not thou diſmayd,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* ſide,
And *Richard* fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard ſtarted out of his dreame.

K. *Rich.* Giue me another horſe, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Ieſu: ſoft I did but dreame.
O coward conſcience, how doſt thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh,
What do I feare my ſelfe? theres none elſe by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes, I am,
Then flie, what from my ſelfe? great reaſon why,
Leaſt I reuenge. What? my ſelfe vpon my ſelfe:
Alacke I loue my ſelfe, wherefore? for any good
That my ſelfe hath done vnto my ſelfe:

O

O no : alas I rather hate m
For hatefull deeds committe
I am a villaine ; yea, I lye
Foole of thy ſelfe ſpeake well
My conſcience hath a thouſa
And euery tongue brings in a
And euery tale condemnes m
Periury, in the higheſt degre
Murder, ſterne murder ; in th
All ſeuerall ſinnes , all vſde in
Throng all to the Barre, cryi
I ſhall diſpaire there is no cre
And if I die , no ſoule ſhall p
And wherefore ſhould they
Find in my ſelfe, no pitty to
Me thought the ſoules of all
Came to my Tent, and euery
To morrowes vengeance on t

Enter Rat

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds ; who is th
Rat. My Lord tis I : th
Haue thrice done ſalutation
Your friends are vp ; and bu
King. O *Ratcliffe* , I hau
What think'ſt thou, will our
Rat. No doubt my Lord
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare
Rat. Nay good my Lord
King. By the Apoſtle *Pau*
Haue ſtrooke more terrour t
Then can the ſubſtance of ter
Armed in proofe , and led b
Tis not yet neere day come ;
Vnder our Tents , Ile play t
To heare if any meane to ſh

Enter the Lo

Lords, Good morrow *R*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37